

THE CIA:

Sparrow and Hawke

Secrecy is mother's milk to the Central Intelligence Agency, but all last week the cloak-and-dagger service had to endure the painful trauma of wearing. Even as The New York Times was publishing a five-part, 25,000-word documentation of some of the organization's hits and errors (following story), a new and potentially embarrassing tale was unfolding.

An elderly plane with an odd name stood on the landing field of the Rochester, N.Y., airport last September. Supervising the loading was John Hawke, 28, a dashing black-goateed ex-RAF fly-boy of fortune. With him were Gregory Board, a blond Australian with a movie-star mustache and a recently acquired U.S. citizenship, and Count Henri Marie François de Marin de Montmarin, a graying French gentleman of military bearing and international connections that—according to the subsequent Federal indictment—stretch from Switzerland to Arizona to Portugal and finally to anti-revolutionary circles in Mozambique and Angola.

Code Words: But it was the cargo, not the crew of the old twin-engine C-46, that stirred the interest of Customs Inspector Eugene Pyne. Inside the craft were gun and bomb sights and empty ammunition cans, and Pyne demanded an explanation. What he got were two code words—"Sparrow" and "Monarch." Pyne made some phone calls, then gave permission for the plane to take off.

Leaving the count behind, pilot

and his wife Jean share a small but strikingly well-furnished home. Over the next week, he became aware that he was being followed.

It could hardly have been a surprise, for by his own account, Hawke was prime tail-bait—a special-project airman for the CIA who had already secretly flown seven bombers to Portugal. For a few uneasy moments, he wondered if his shadows were from "the other side." Mostly, however, he considered the tail part of a bureaucratic snafu; the agents following him had not been told of his Federal employer. He started waving to his shadows, saying "Hello" to them. Once he parked his car by the local FBI office and led his dogged pursuer right inside.

On Sept. 16, the humor palled. Driving home from the supermarket, Hawke asked one of his shadows to help carry in the groceries. The man did so, and even accepted a beer. The foam had hardly settled when four more men arrived. Hawke got out more beers, and finally his visitors broke the news; he was under arrest. Hawke guffawed. "No, really," said Wallace Shanley, chief Treasury agent from Miami, "we actually have come to arrest you."

Hawke was indicted in Buffalo, N.Y., for violating Federal bans on exporting munitions. At his trial, probably next month, his defense will center on his claim that he was a CIA agent. Board and the count were both indicted; Board skipped the country. But Martin Caidin, a respected aeronautics writer and frequent consultant to the Air Force, has already stated that he himself first recommended Hawke for the flights to Portugal—and that they were indeed performed under U.S. Government auspices.

zambique. The financial manipulations were dazzling: the planes were purchased from an Arizona firm, ostensibly by a Canadian (a legal sale), for immediate shipment to Portugal (an illegal destination without official State Department clearance). The money came through Switzerland. Count de Montmarin arranged the deal.

Exposure: Hawke believes that the bureaucratic mix-up by the customs inspectors threatened to expose the planes-for-Portugal project, and the U.S. was unwilling to be revealed in the U.N. as aiding in the suppression of rebellious Africans. A scapegoat was needed. "I was the sheep led to the slaughter," Hawke says ruefully.

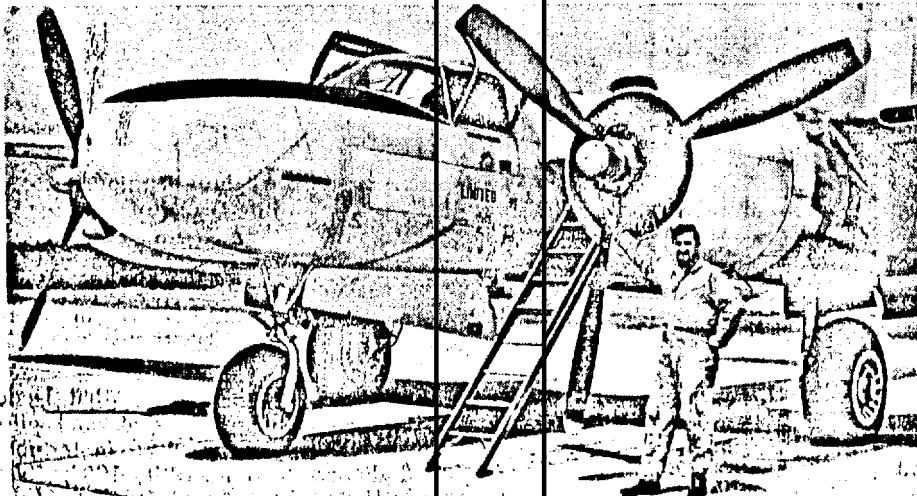
As evidence of CIA complicity in the project, he points to the openness with which he systematically flew the Portuguese-bound planes into major airports all over the country, and the recurrent efficacy of the code words in quieting officials. Once, he recalls, when an engine on his plane faltered and he had to fly through the forbidden White House-Capitol perimeter, air authorities ordered him to land at Washington's National Airport. But "Sparrow" and "Monarch" did their work, he claims, and he was cleared again almost at once.

True to form, the tight-lipped CIA refused to comment on the project. The Federal indictment charges Hawke with undertaking his missions for private groups that had no connection with any U.S. agency. Says U.S. Attorney John Curtin, who will prosecute the case: "Hawke is making what I think will be the standard defense in all criminal cases pretty soon—that it was a plot of the CIA."

Watching the Watchers

In its survey of the CIA's role, and record—the results of months of research by a four-man reporting team—The New York Times recounted at least a score of the agency's better-known exploits—coups and fiascos alike—and also threw fresh light on some incidents that had been only scantily reported in the past. Examples of both kinds:

■ **THE CASE OF THE SABOTAGED SUGAR:** In August 1962, the S.S. Streatham Hill, a British freighter on lease to the Soviets, steamed into San Juan, Puerto Rico, for repairs. Briefly off-loaded and put in bond in a U.S. customs warehouse were 14,135 bags of sugar. Enter the CIA. Agents slipped into the warehouse and contaminated the sugar with a harmless but unpalatable substance, reasoning that the spoiled sugar would help sour Moscow's relations with Havana. But an alert White House official spotted a CIA report of President Kennedy's attention. He blew up, or-



Pilot Hawke and B-26: Was he a fall guy in a cloak-and-dagger plot?

Hawke and passenger Board sped southward, and after several more stops touched down at Fort Lauderdale, where he

In the summer of 1965, Hawke says he was recruited by Board to ferry bombs to Portugal for use in Angola and Mo-

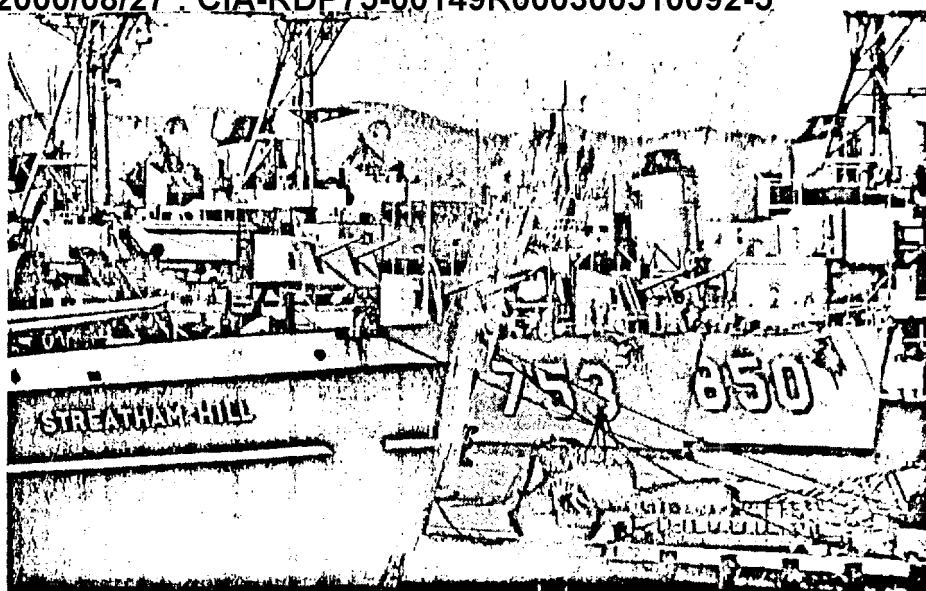
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...the sabotaged sugar kept in Puerto Rico, and blistered the CIA for nearly setting a terrible precedent of the kind of chemical warfare that two sides could play.

■ **THE CASE OF THE GREAT MAN'S BEDPAN:** The ancient Hapsburg capital of Vienna serves as a kind of Mayo Clinic for high-ranking officials from Africa, the Middle East and Southeast Asia—and has the added advantage of being in an officially neutral country. On at least one occasion in Vienna, CIA agents slipped into a hospital laboratory and pinched samples of a great man's urine from which to make their own urinalysis. The medical information thus obtained helped gauge his life expectancy: in this case it was brief. Though the Times did not say so, those who have received this type of CIA medicare over the years, in Vienna and elsewhere, include the lately sobered Playboy of the Eastern World, Indonesian President Sukarno, Saudi Arabia's ex-King Saud and ex-Emperor Bao Dai of Indochina.

■ **THE CASE OF THE FIZZLED FUSE:** It was the eve of independence in fabled Singapore, and who should show up in a local hotel but a CIA agent equipped with a lie detector in his portmanteau. The agent's mission—one that had been the subject of a heated dispute within the CIA itself—was to interview and screen spy recruits for the United States, which hitherto had been relying on Britain's MI-6 for its Singapore intelligence. The agent summoned a prospect, plugged in his lie detector—and blew the hotel's fuses. The subsequent hubbub blew the agent's cover. He, his potential recruit and another CIA man were all tossed into jail. There were reports of torture. Coded messages flew back and forth to Washington. Finally the culprits were released, and only last year, by way of making a little local political hay, Singapore Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew announced that at the time he had been offered a bribe of \$3.3 million to release the prisoners.

The foregoing, of course, are outstanding examples of CIA operations that have gone awry. Lesser known are those operations—many of them likely to remain secret forever—in which the agency has played an invaluable role in implementing U.S. foreign policy. These include the coup that ousted Mohammed Mossadegh as Premier of Iran in 1953; the anti-Communist revolt in Guatemala in 1954; the creation of the "instant air force" which, using refugee



The Streatham Hill: Would the wrong kind of sugar turn things sour?



Associated Press



Newsweek—Tony Rollo



Associated Press

The directors: Allen Dulles, John McCone, William F. Raborn Jr.

Cuban pilots, helped the Congolese Government fight off a Communist-backed rebellion in 1964.

In the last of its five articles, the Times set out to answer the critical question it had asked at the outset: how can the CIA be prevented from becoming a kind of extralegal government with its own momentum, perhaps even its own goals?

The Job of Control: The Times traced the agency's development under its last three directors—Allen Dulles (1953-1961), John McCone (1961-1965) and William F. Raborn Jr. (1965)—and concluded that tighter Congressional supervision is desirable, but that ultimately effective control can only be accomplished "within the executive branch, by the highest authorities of the government. Controlling the CIA is a job that rests squarely upon the President of the United States, the director of the agency and the officials appointed by the President to check its work. And if these men are to insist that they do control the agency, then they are the ones who must be blamed if control fails."

Whether this judgment will be shared by Congress remains to be seen. Last week, Sen. Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, suggested that Congress might be about to take another of its periodic looks at just what goes on in the sprawling CIA offices across the Potomac in Langley, Va. "Congress would be rejecting a very basic constitutional responsibility if it does not begin to exercise some degree of jurisdiction beyond what it is exercising now," he said. "The CIA is an instrument of foreign policy. The Foreign Relations Committee is the Senate's instrument in foreign policy, and it should have a greater knowledge of the CIA's operations and functions than it now has."

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